

## Three to Three

by xXxDeadEyesNekuxXx

Category: Homestuck

Genre: Angst, Tragedy

Language: English

Characters: Dave S., John E., Karkat V.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-12 14:17:26

Updated: 2016-04-12 14:17:26

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:16:49

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,715

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: It had always ever been the three of them, John, Dave and Karkat. Three boys, three heroes fighting whatever evil threatened the world. They had fought battles, built bonds that would pass the test of time. No matter what was thrown at them, they had each-other. That is until, one tragic day, they stared down death itself. (DaveJohnKat, Davekat, DaveJohn, JohnKat) (Sadstuck)

## Three to Three

**\*\*Three to Three\*\***

**\*\*A/N:** I'm just gonna say that the point of view switches a lot and it's kinda a chaotic mess but enjoy anyway (or not since this is Sadstuck). Prepare for humour, sadness and feels. I'm sorry in advance.\*\*

It had always ever been the three of them. Never had there ever been a point where one stood alone against the world.

John, Dave and Karkat.

Three boys, three heroes fighting whatever evil threatened the world. They had grown up together, fought battles, built bonds that would pass the test of time. No matter what was thrown at them, they had each-other and no one was ever alone.

But, despite all that, their group dynamic was cut and there was nothing they could do to fix it to how it had been, especially when death was involved.

In a world void of all life, they faced off against the most powerful of all foes but held their ground. Not even the Condesce could puncture a hole in their combined confidence because they were strongest when fighting together.

Clad in gold and black, she stood before them with a trident in her hand. Her towering form shadowed them but they gripped their weapons tight with nerves of steel. She, like many other villainess fiends, would fall and they would triumph just like every time before. The world would be saved once again by their combined efforts.

John, with a multi-coloured hammer in his hand, lunged and made the first move by smashing his heavy weapon down only to make cracks in the rocky ground as the Condesce sneered a few paces away, swinging her trident around idly. Her pearly-white teeth glinted as she grinned at John's heated glare.

In a blur of red, Dave was upon her in seconds swinging his silver sword left and right as she held her trident up defensively, fending off the strong blows with little strain. High pitched ringing of metal filled the air. She shoved Dave back and he knocked into John with a muttered, "shit, sorry".

The Condesce cackled at them but stopped when the blade of a sickle was at her neck. She had been caught unaware by Karkat who had been sneaking up on her while she had been preoccupied. But she didn't look concerned and she simply reached behind her with her free hand, stabbing her sharp nails into Karkat's stomach.

"Karkat!" Dave exclaimed as he and John rushed over to aid him.

They hadn't expected a serious injury early in.

The nails were like sharp knives and candy-red blood dripped from the punctures but Karkat still held his sickle to the Condesce's neck. He looked to be in pain but his eyes were narrowed and burning.

She had to die to end the world's suffering. Maybe he wasn't as strong as John or Dave but he could do it.

He moved the sickle in a slashing motion but the Condesce disappeared in a sudden flash that caused him to lose his footing. He was caught by Dave who helped him to his feet.

"Are you alright, Karkat?" John asked in a worried voice as he looked down at the dripping blood that looked brighter on the brownness of Karkat's God tier.

"Yeah," he told him, covering the bleeding with a hand. "I'm fine, seriously."

"You're not," Dave said, his back to them as he faced the Condesce. Giving them a surprise attack was something she would do but then again, she seemed to enjoy prolonged battles where she made a fool out of her enemies. She had a sick sense of humour and it was like she was a cat who enjoyed playing with her food.

"The fuck do you know? Let's just get back to fighting," Karkat replied, tightening his grip on his sickle with his other hand.

He looked up momentarily to the grey sky above, devoid of clouds and the sun that should have been there. This place was a world that the Condesce had conquered and everything was so dim, so dead. He wouldn't that happen to his home-world or Earth.

John still looked concerned so he moved towards Dave and tapped him on the shoulder. Without a word exchanged, John took his spot as a look-out as Dave turned around and tended to Karkat.

The grey eyes of the troll burned with defiance into the shades and to the bloody eyes beneath. Seconds passed as they just simply stared with a strange intensity. But the moment died when Karkat dropped his gaze, spurring Dave's free hand to reach out to the gruesome wounds.

His hand glowed with crackling, red energy and a gear symbol appeared on the back of his right hand. He would turn back time and would heal Karkat.

The holes closed up within milliseconds and the blood absorbed back into skin like a miracle of some kind.

Sweat was on Dave's brow and he cleaned it away. The nod from Karkat made him feel more confident but his energy had taken a big blow from the use of his Time powers.

They both joined John and once again stood before the Condesce who seemed very interested in her hand, the nails still coated with candy-red. She made no move to clean it off and winked at the trio, obviously trying to ignite their fury.

A furious fighter could be the clumsiest.

Flashes of red and blue sprang at her as the Breath and Time duo went in for their double-assault. Seemingly perfectly in-tune with one-another, they swung again and again at the fiendish troll without stopping. They certainly were enraged but that didn't stop them from losing the perfect teamwork they had.

Karkat stood back and started focusing on his shaky breathing as he forced his eyes closed.

In and out

In and out

In

Behind his eyelids of darkness, he could sense the calming blue aura of John, the fiery red of Dave and menacing black of the Condesce. He could hear their very blood flowing through their veins and their hearts pumping it in and out.

He reached out and forced John's and Dave's hearts to beat in-tune with his own. Their auras, just like the blood pumping through their hearts, starting to become one.

It was time to end this battle quickly and with their usual final attack. Why use your most powerful move last if it could finish off a foe in an instant?

Karkat, once he knew he was ready, then locked his mind on the Condesce so all three of them could sense her. Even if she tried to teleport, they would all be able to follow her at once, knowing where she was heading.

He readied his weapon and felt the others do the exact same, even as they still performed their blows at the Empress.

As his eyes opened, he had become one with John and Dave. He leapt towards the fight.

Controlled with a combined mind, they all attacked the Condesce with impossibly perfectly executed attacks seemingly at the same time. None of them even harmed a hair on each-other's heads but the opposite was said for the Condesce.

She screamed in angered fury as again and again she was hit with a hammer, sword and a sickle even as she tried to defend. There seemed to be no readable pattern to the trio as they endlessly struck her with agonising blows.

"ENOUGH!" she roared out, swiping the trident all around her in a full circle.

Dave was thrown onto the ground and slide on it, his red God tier cape tearing from the jagged rocks and gravel.

John and Karkat landed safely outside of the Condesce's range. They moved backwards until Dave was in-between them both, still on the ground as he slowly recovered from a blow to the head. Karkat was clutching his own head as it pounded painfully from the link being shattered from the sudden disconnection of Dave.

"I guess that isn't going to work," John said with a sigh. He looked worried because it was their best attack.

"Then try your windy shit," Karkat said before nudging Dave with his foot, "and your timey shit while I think of a better plan that won't go down the shitter so quickly."

The plan now was to test which attack combination worked best.

John turned to face the Condesce and blew out a puff of breath that took the form of a small, blue cloud. The symbol of a sky-blue gust of wind appeared on his right cheek as his powers came to life.

The cloud expanded and grew long like his God tier hood as it moved towards the Condesce much like a serpent ready to strike.

Dave's own symbol reappeared on his right hand as he sent an orb of sparking orange at the Condesce, much like one would throw a baseball. With an unmatched speed, it hit her in the stomach and her entire body froze stock-still with the sound of a clock ticking. It wouldn't hold her for long but it could be just enough time to shift this battle in their favour.

John moved his hands about, controlling the cloud and it hurtled towards her, slamming into her right shoulder on impact. He moved his hand back, and the cloud did the same just as he moved his hand swiftly forwards again so did the cloud. Rapidly, he repeated this process all over her body leaving behind nasty, pink bruises on the Condesce's tough, pitch-black skin.

Dave was still on the ground and he was tense as he fought to hold

the Condesce as her own will struggled against his. He was sweating like crazy but he managed to handle all the pressure and do his duty. He hacked as blood started sluggishly pooling out of his nose but he still kept his composure.

"A big cutâ€|" Karkat mused to himself. He looked thoughtful as he stared at the Condesce.

"What?" Dave asked, still able to maintain his concentration.

"Shut-up, I'm thinking!"

"Fucking shit, no need to be rude. It's not as if we're engaged in some dire battle â€" oh wait. Whoops, I guess we are. Still, no need to lose your chill, geez."

"Strider, just focus on the damn battle while I actually think of a plan."

"'Kay, Karcrabby."

"Shhh!"

"Did I say Karcrabby? More like Karcrappy, you know what I'm sayin'?"

"I'll fucking- "

Karkat was cut off by Dave's sudden yell of pain as the Condesce broke free. Even more blood profusely leaked from the Knight of Time's nostrils and his skin looked rather pale. So the Knight of Blood crouched down and placed a hand in front of the blood.

The symbol of a cut appeared over Karkat's heart as dark red energy poured from his hand. Working in a way much like Dave's power had, the blood backtracked and the flow was stopped completely.

"Thanks, man."

Karkat helped Dave to his feet and they watched as John was back at swinging his hammer around like a madman.

"So, what should we do now, oh-so-great-leader?" Dave asked mockingly.

"Just cut her good and I should be able to do something with her blood," Karkat replied. "But it has to be a lot of blood so the cut has to be long and deep if you can manage that, Stridouche."

"Oh babe, I can handle any gal! Even a feisty one like the lovely Batterwitch so you can count on me."

Karkat rolled his eyes and shoved Dave over to the battle.

The Condesce kept laughing as John missed again and again, leaving small craters in the ground. He looked irritated beyond belief and his attacks only grew less precise with each swing. He almost hit Dave who suddenly appeared and swung at the Condesce, managing to make a small cut on her left arm before she teleported out of

range.

"That's not enough!" Karkat hollered.

"I'm trying, ok!" Dave hollered back.

John sighed at their bickering but he looked fond. Despite how much they argued, the two of them did care for each-other as much as they cared for himself. He usually didn't get involved when they argued, long since learning that it was something they often did. They didn't always argue though.

He recalled the time when it had just been himself and Dave.

\_They had lived in a shoddy apartment together and were behind on rent too often. Saving people didn't pay well it turned out and with the loss of John's Dad, earning enough money had been difficult. Especially since Dave had been an orphan so he too had no family to help out. He did have two half-sisters but he had been too prideful to ask for money.\_

\_So night and day, the duo would save whoever needed saving as they tried to save themselves from being evicted. \_

\_That was until they met Karkat.\_

\_Clad in his God tier, he stood before them one night as they both lay injured in an alley. The duo had gotten tangled in the affairs of the ever-so-horrid Vriska Serket. She had done a number on them as they failed in their joined attempt to take her down and bring her to justice.\_

\_And she had left them, bleeding out all over their God tier and whispering goodbyes to each-other as they grew blind to the world.\_

\_But Karkat had arrived like a saviour who, it turned out, had accidently stumbled upon them.\_

\_Pitying them, he had stayed and had done his best to make the blood flow back into their bodies. Shakily, he had also closed up the wounds as his own blood flowed from his nose from the strain of using powers he hardly knew how to use.\_

\_When the job was done, he had gone slack and passed out.\_

\_And just like that, he had entered their lives.\_

\_When he awakened in their shitty apartment, they thanked him for saving their lives. \_

"\_We owe you one," John had told him with a goofy grin.\_

\_Dave had been too prideful to say anything but he had at least smiled in gratitude and nodded.\_

\_Before long, Karkat had become a permanent addition to their lives and with his help, paying the rent had become significantly easier. It turned out that he had some connections with other heroes and got all the gossip about what was going down in the city. \_

\_There had been stressful times because early on, Dave and Karkat had not gotten along at all. They had been at each other's throats constantly and many times, missions ended up failing because they decided to have a round of fisticuffs as John watched, face palming.

\_

\_But, after enough time had passed with the overbearing tension between them, they learned to get along. Too many life-threatening fights had formed a bond of trust between them and in time, they were as close as they were to John.\_

\_Their trio quickly made a name for themselves and were well-known heroes. They started getting job requests and could even afford a much nicer and spacious penthouse at the top of a classy apartment complex. \_

\_Everything was great. It \_had\_ been great, that is.\_

\_But then the Condesce in her fancy, red flagship had arrived onto their world with her fearsome drones and the world fell to shit.

\_

\_So many God tier clad heroes had fallen because of her and so many innocent lives were lost in her campaign of domination and total genocide of anyone who defied her.\_

\_But, the trio had fought tooth and nail, pursuing her to this dead world for the Final Battle. Her reign of terror would cease as the life drained from her eyes and the fuchsia blood flowed from her lips.\_

John's memories faded away as he focused on the battle before him. With saddened eyes, he watched as Dave tried to get in a good hit but failed every time.

\_At this rate, we won't win\_, he thought, lowering his hammer.

He could tell that this battle was more likely to end in all three of their deaths. The likelihood of winning with everyone surviving was low, although he didn't want to admit it. This wasn't some game where all the good guys would win and live without any fatalities.

\_So, what should I do?\_

Because if he could save Dave and Karkat at the cost of himself, it was worth it. He would do anything so they could live.

He dropped the hammer and it 'thunked' to the ground.

Breathing in deeply, he stretched out his hands, preparing himself for the large quantity of energy he would have to use.

\_Sorryâ€¦!\_

"DAVE!"

The hollowing scream of Karkat caused John to halt and look around for the Knight of Time.

"N-No! Dave!"

A dreadful scene met his eyes that made him cover his mouth in surprised horror.

The Condesce, with her abdomen cut and spluttering out pink, held Dave up high by his neck. Her nails dug into his tender flesh and his sword clattered to the ground as she tightened her grip. Dave reached up and tried tearing off her hands but to no avail. He was kicking his feet as he frantically struggled to free himself.

John watched as the world seemed to slow and he wondered what was going through Dave's mind. But, in all honesty, he'd rather not know.

He started to run towards the scene but he felt as if the world had reverted into slow motion and his eyesight was blurry. It had been forever since he had cried like this.

Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Karkat running as well with reddened tears trailing sluggishly down his cheeks. But he had his sickle at the ready and his grey eyes had an angry red tinge to them.

John's hammer lay abandoned where he had dropped it.

As he neared them, he could hear Dave's desperate wheezes as he tried to breathe. He was moving even more violently, obviously in an immense amount of pain.

Never before had John ever felt so utterly helpless.

Before he could even arrive, Dave's arms fell limp at his sides as his body went slack. The Condesce cackled cruelly and flung his lifeless body into Karkat, just as he was about to slash her. John couldn't even get in range as the Condesce teleported over to the fallen duo and picked up Karkat by the neck, much like she had with Dave.

She cast out her free hand and as she rose it, Dave's silver sword rising with it up into the empty air, twirling around slowly.

The Condesce threw Karkat up into the air and held him there with her powers. She swung back her other arm and the glinting blade did the same. It didn't take a genius to work out what would happen next.

John knew he wouldn't make it, even with his powers of Breath. It was like his entire world was in the process of being taken from him and he could do nothing but watch it all unfold.

Defying all odds, Dave rose back onto his feet and as if driven by pure protective instinct, flew up into the sky. With what little life he had left inside him, he forced himself to fling himself in front of Karkat as a human shield.

His own sword pierced into his flesh and ran straight through his chest before arriving out of his back with a sickening 'SNAP' of what might have been his spine. He fell from the sky like a bird that had



been shot dead.

**\*\*Three down to two. \*\***

Only John and Karkat were left.

Karkat, released of whatever hold the Condesce had over him, sped towards the crumpled body and fell to his knees in grief. He turned Dave over so he was on his back and he grabbed his closest hand in his own.

His powers worked into overdrive as he tried to heal what had been done but none of the blood would go back in. It never did if the owner was already deceased.

Dave's shades had been flung off of his face during the fall and his red eyes were wide. They were glassy and held no light.

Karkat sobbed as he closed Dave's eyelids.

"I-I'm sorry! I'm s-so fucking sorry!" he exclaimed through his sobs.

Dave had cut the Condesce deep and had done his duty. And then he just had to play the stereotypical self-sacrificing knight just to save Karkat.

By extension, Karkat had killed him.

John watched the painful scene from afar but he wasn't wracked with grief, instead he was angry. So angry in fact that he glowed with crackling, blue energy that conveyed his feelings. He wasted no time in raising up his arms, forming mini tornados. He swung his arms forwards and they slammed into the sneering Condesce.

Distantly, he could hear whispers in his mind but the words were gibberish. But they were kind, providing him with comfort even. If he were in a better state of mind then he would realise that they were the whisperings of the horror terrors. But he listened to their words slipping into his mind.

The words, unrecognisable, grew louder in his head.

As he slammed his tornados into the Condesce over and over, he listened keenly to the voices.

Power, they would offer him. Unimaginable power.

To avenge Dave and protect Karkat, he would become a monster.

John, as he began to lose himself, recalled the last Christmas morning the three of them had spent together.

A mistletoe had been hanging above his bed when he awoke and he found Dave standing at his bedside, grinning down at him with a red-faced Karkat at his side.

"Wow," Dave said with mock surprise. "Is that a mistletoe? Oh geez, I guess that means we have to all smooch and shit. How scandalous!"

"\_But you put it there- " Karkat started, only to have his mouth covered by Dave's hand.\_

"\_Shush, the adults are speaking."\_

\_John watched with a fit of laughter as Karkat actually grabbed Dave and held him above his head. For someone so short, Karkat had an immense amount of strength. That fact was often forgotten by the blond and the outcomes he had gotten himself into because of it were hilarious.\_

\_Karkat, after some bartering, put Dave back on his feet.\_

"\_Alright, go in for the smooch while he's distracted!" Dave had suddenly exclaimed as he leaned into John.\_

\_Karkat vaulted right over onto the other side of the bed and did the same.\_

\_A simple kiss on each cheek was their combined Christmas present for John. He couldn't have asked for anything better (because he already had a life-sized cardboard cut-out of Nicolas Cage so what more did a guy need?). \_

\_The day drew on and then gifts were exchanged under their cheap Christmas tree that looked faker than botox.\_

\_Dave was given an entire box of the apple juice he liked from John and he had commented, "I swear if this is all piss then I'll replace your hair products with maple syrup. That shit is a bitch to get out of hair, trust me â€" err, not that I have experience with that or anything." He was also given a stuffed, cuddly, black crow toy.

\_

"\_A reminder of that time our apartment was flocked with crows because you kept leaving the window upon and feeding them," Karkat had said. "You kept saying it wasn't your fault but John and I knew it was. You're a blithering-ignoramus like that."\_

"\_Wow, you're too kind," Dave thanked him with false sincerity. "Here, a reminder of your beautiful personality."\_

\_In return, Karkat was given a pillow with a crab imprinted on it. John had also given him a random romance novel he had bought from some shitty bookstore. Karkat liked trashy novels anyway.\_

\_That same night, Karkat had been reading it at the kitchen table and had suddenly asked, "This chick says she wants to crawl inside of this guy and live there forever."\_

\_Dave choked on his juice.\_

"\_I've read the same thing in some other of your inferior human literature and I don't get it. What is your species' obsession with wearing their crush's skin? Why would you tear it off and wear it around like a onesie? It's so brutally insane."\_

"\_It doesn't literally mean skinning someone, Karkat." John explained

with a snort. "I think it's about wanting to be very close to someone."\_

"\_Then why not just fucking write that?!" Karkat fumed. "But noooo, some authors like to be all creepy about it and sound like a psychopath instead. Human literature is bullshit." And yet he kept reading it.\_

\_The memory changed to that of Karkat's last birthday.\_

\_Decorating the room with streamers while the troll slept, John and Dave turned their apartment into what appeared to be a clich  formal. The curtains had been closed so the room was dark and a rainbow disco ball was affixed over the entertainment area's lightbulb. Dave set up his turntables in the corner while John prepared the punch and snacks. Karkat had often swooned whenever there was a fancy formal in a romcom flick because he had said that on his home-world, nothing like it existed.\_

\_John, clad in baby-blue pants and matching vest started fixing his green tie in a rush as Dave slipped on his red blazer and did up his white tie. \_

"\_This is gonna be bitchin'," Dave said. It went unsaid that he had never actually attended a day of school in his entire life. He seemed giddy about this mock-formal.\_

"\_My formal sucked hard," John replied with a wistful sigh. "The only exciting thing that happened was when you and Karkat arrived asking me to get into my God tier and fight a giant imp threatening the city." It had been hilarious when they had burst through the door into the gym and actually flew over to John frantically as other students and teachers watched. His cousin, Jade, had wolf-whistled which only added to the hilarity.\_

"\_But for real, do you think he'll like it?" Dave asked quietly, turning to look at the room as the disco ball turned and sent lights of colour in every direction. He seemed unsure of himself.\_

\_John put a hand on his shoulder. "He'll love it. His jaw will probably drop when he sees how well you wash up though rather than the actual formal set-up."\_

\_Dave flushed in embarrassment and punched him in the shoulder softly. "What are you saying? You're a bomb-shell yourself, no homo."\_

"\_Wow, you're still going around saying the 'no homo' thing?"

\_

"\_Oh, says the guy who used to be known as Not-a-Homosexual-John. Now look at you! You've got two dazzling men in your life."\_

\_Now it was John's turn to go red. "Shut-up! You totally went through the same phase."\_

\_The door to Karkat's room suddenly opened, perhaps being awakened by the noise. \_

\_Clad in black pyjama bottoms with crabs imprinted on them and a grey

sweater, Karkat trudged past them and the changed entertainment area like a total zombie. He didn't even seem to notice and he headed straight to the coffee machine in the kitchen.\_

"\_God-damn, he's totally outdoing us appearance-wise," Dave whispered.\_

"\_Oh yes, the bed-hair is totally in right now," John whispered back.\_

\_Karkat walked back into the entertainment area and took one sip from his mug before spitting it out in a spray, just like in the movies when a character was surprised.\_

"\_The actual fuck?!" he asked.\_

\_He looked over at the duo and stomped over. But he didn't look angry or much of anything really.\_

"\_Hey," Dave said, trying to sound casual but his voice had wavered.\_

"\_Happy Birthday, Karkat!" John exclaimed enthusiastically, pulling the troll into a hug.\_

\_Karkat was stiff but he soon relaxed into it but could only hug him back with one hand because of the coffee mug. \_

\_When John released him, Karkat put the mug down on a table and then was instantly pulled into doing a twirl by Dave.\_

\_That entire day and night, the three of them danced as if they didn't have to fear the future, as if they would be together forever.\_

\_But Dave is gone now\_, John mused as his mind fragmented. \_If I have to then I'll make sure Karkat is the only one left.\_

Karkat cleaned away his tears and stumbled to his feet. With much strain, he tore out the sword and felt like screaming as he did. He tore off his own cape and lay it over Dave's body.

He stabbed the sword into the ground above Dave's head like a match-shift tombstone.

"Goodbye, Dave," he whispered.

He grabbed his sickle and forced himself to head towards the Condesce despite his still grieving heart. He felt as if the life had been sucked out of him but he had to do this.

But John was already there and he â€" heâ€|

"N-No, he wouldn'tâ€|"

Black energy was coming off of John and his eyes were pure white. His skin had become an unnatural dark grey and Karkat could hear, even from the distance between them, that he was spouting complete gibberish.

He had gone Grimdark.

\_Please, I can't lose him too!\_

His legs moved faster as he sped towards the fight. He grit his teeth and hoped he could make it in time before shit hit the fan even worse.

He witnessed as John's hammer flew into the Heir of Breath's hand before he smashed it into the Condesce's right side and sent her flying as she hissed in fury.

"Take that you colossal bitch," Karkat muttered between his strained breaths.

As he got close, John spun around to face him and looked ready to hit him too. Karkat didn't know how to deal with this kind of situation but he wasn't ready to give up hope just yet.

"It's me!" he said. "Karkat, remember? You can snap out of it, I know you can. Remember what happened to Rose when she turned Grimdark last year? She was nearly killed in that mission to take down Jack Noir and if it hadn't been for us, she would have died!"

Even by going Grimdark, it didn't allow one to be immortal much like the God tier.

John's face remained blank and void of all emotion but at least he was listening.

"You can still be killed, you idiot!"

"How disgustingly precious you are," said the Condesce as she appeared in the middle of the duo. "I have grown tired of this little game so I'll be ending it now."

With her golden trident in hand, she speared it into Karkat within an instant and yawned in a bored fashion as he swung his sickle into her side out of reflex.

\_Butâ€¦ I can'tâ€¦ dieâ€¦ nowâ€¦\_

She tore the trident back out and Karkat's mouth leaked with a stream of bright red. His sickle dropped to the ground and he fell backwards with wide, disbelieving eyes at what had happened. The Condesce kicked his body and it rolled until it stopped by Dave's, facing upright.

Karkat's eyes were frozen staring at the empty sky above.

**\*\*Two down to one.\*\***

John screeched with a haunting voice that sounded like it had come straight out of a nightmare. The very air seemed to grow heavy and ripple with his scream of absolute anguish. Even the Condesce seemed a bit taken aback because she was quick to get into a defensive position as she spun around.

The darkness streaming off of John seemed to have grown thicker and his expression had morphed into that of burning rage. His white teeth

were visible and they were grit together tightly, as if trying to intimidate the Condesce.

He babbled out some words that sounded like curses as he swung at her wildly and with blazing eyes.

The Condesce hardly had any time to block as the hammer clanged down onto her trident, making it rattle from the overwhelming force of it.

While John bared his teeth, the Condesce bared her sharp ones right back. John flung himself backwards and then up into the sky before coming down on her again. This time when the hammer hit, the sound of thunder rattled the area despite there being no real clouds in the sky. However, bigger streams of darkness were coming off of John and floating upwards.

Again, John moved back but this time the Condesce hovered after him, brandishing her trident behind her to end his life.

John stayed on the ground and stopped, awaiting her assault as he pulled his hammer back and readied himself to take a swing rather than defend himself, as if he hardly had any regard for his own life.

The Condesce shoved her trident towards his chest as soon as she got close but his hammer met it and the trident immediately shattered into a million golden pieces on impact, flying every which way. Not stopping her assault, she struck her right hand into his left side violently causing John to scream in agony that sounded like dozens of tortured souls combined into one.

She tore out her hand and it was covered with red but John grabbed it with his own free hand and tightened his grip so much that there was an audible crack, her wrist breaking from the force. She kneed him in the stomach and he went flying over to the bodies of his fallen comrades.

"Don't you get it yet?!" she roared. "You can't win against me!"

John landed on his feet and twirled his hammer around. He muttered some more curses before running back at her with his colourful weapon. He didn't care what happened to him it seemed, as long as he finished the job.

A wind started to stir as he ran, causing the Condesce's jewellery to rattle and black hair to whip wildly about. The wind turned violent and howled down on her, forcing her to stumble back a few paces. Black twisters formed at random in the area and all were heading towards her form without stopping.

At the last moment, before John's hammer came crashing down, the Condesce's lips formed into a chilling grin. Her hand plunged into his chest, her fingers wrapping around his beating heart.

His hammer dropped to the ground and the wind died down along with the twisters. The black coming off of John faded much like the grey of his skin. Instead, he looked clammy and pale. Fear ignited in his blue eyes.

"You and your little friends fought hard, I'll give you that," she said quietly as she sneered down at him. "But this is where it ends. At least I'll lay you to rest by their corpses."

Tears dripped down John's face and he spat at her, unable to speak.

"Little wretch!"

She tore out his heart and crushed it in her hand before kicking him over to the others, just like she had said.

**\*\*One down to none.\*\***

She had won.

With a laugh to herself, she turned her back on the trio. She considered burning their bodies but why should she? They could lay in this world for eternity. There was no animal-life here to eat them after-all. So they could just slowly rot and decompose.

Victory had been hers from the start because three little pitiful pests couldn't best her. She had conquered planets and fought much more pressing battles than this. But, they had fought better than she expected for two humans and a lowly mutant-blood.

So, now â€

She felt a strange sensation and she looked down. The end of a sword had appeared sticking out of her abdomen in the general area where the deep gash from the Time Knight had been made. But how didâ€|?

"D-Don't you know," a raspy voice spoke between coughs. "Never t-to turn your b-back on a body?"

She hadn't even heard them approach her.

Her body ignited with pain and she screamed like she never had before. \_This wasn't possible! This wasn't POSSIBLE!\_

The blade plunged in deeper and the Condesce was kicked to fall onto her front. Force was applied on the blade to make it dig into the ground so she was effectively pinned.

She couldn't move but heard footsteps walking to be at her head so she craned her neck up and the mutant-blood stared down at her, looking ready to die off himself.

Karkat glared down at the doomed Condesce as she bled out and convulsed in agony. One of his hands tightly gripped Dave's sword so it kept her down while his other hand covered the hole in his stomach tightly as it kept leaking. He had lost so much blood and was shaking from it but he sure as hell could kill this dastardly bitch before he died.

He had watched her slaughter John and it had fuelled his anger enough for him to get back up. He had staggered towards her with Dave's sword in hand but had been so slow due to his injury that she hadn't

even noticed, luckily for him.

And then he had dug it deep into her back with so much strength that he swore that Dave himself was wielding the blade once again.

Karkat looked down at the squirming troll and he immediately knew what to do. He left the sword and staggered off, picking up John's favoured hammer. He wandered back over and swung it high over his head.

"No, please! I'll do any â€" "

He swung it down and any sound from the Condesce was immediately cut short. He was sure that John had been the one swinging it down instead.

Karkat didn't remember the journey back over to where his two most precious people in the universe lay but he had. He took his cape off of Dave's body and tore it into two. He lay once piece over Dave's head and John's.

He lay down between them with the last of his strength and could no longer smell the copper of their blood in the air, the smell of death. He stared up at the open sky as his vision wavered and blackened with each breath, his own heart-beat ringing in his ears ever-so-slowly.

"I l-love you bothâ€|" he whispered. "I'm s-sorryâ€| I couldn't be aâ€| b-better leaderâ€|"

His last thought was, \_Please, I don't want to be alone again. Not like before I had met themâ€|\_

**\*\*Three down to none.\*\***

Karkat felt a warm light wash over him, burning away all the cold that had gathered around his body. His eyes opened and he started to cry like a wriggler.

Silhouetted in the light stood John and Dave. They were reaching out to him, encouraging him to grasp their hands.

He got to his feet and stumbled as he ran over, grabbing hold of them both leaving his physical body behind. He pulled them into a hug, laughing through his tears because he was so relieved.

Even in death, they would be together. He couldn't ask for anything more.

"Let's get outta here," Dave said. "Egderp wants to find where his Dad is at."

"Yeah, I wonder if Nana will be with him." John replied.

They looped their arms over Karkat's shoulder and the three of them walked further into the light, getting out of the coldness of the darkness.

"I don't care where we go," Karkat said, "But I'll stick with you idiots because someone has to be the babysitter. Without me, both of



you wouldn't be able to function."

"You're such a shit, oh my \_God\_." Dave replied with a laugh.

"He's right and you know it." John said sincerely.

Their duty to save the world from the grasps of the Condesce was finished and they could rest at ease like true heroes.

Through the doorway of light they walked and into the Afterlife as one.

\*\*A/N: I'm sorry. \*\*

\*\*It was originally going to end with one of the boys' still being alive but no, I liked this ending better.\*\*

End  
file.